The MARSHAL

by MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

SYNOPSIS.

Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Ney figures, is made a Chevalier of France by the Emperor Napoleon, in the home of the lad's parents in the village of Vicques, France, where the emperor had briefly stopped to hold a council of war. Napoleon prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte. At the age of ten Francois meets a stranger who is astonished when the boy tells him of his ambition. Francois visits General Baron Gaspard Gourgaud, who with Alixe, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. The general offers Francois a home at the Chateau. The boy refuse to leave his parents, but in the end becomes a copyist for the general and learns of the friendship between the general and Marquis Zappi, who campaigned with the general under Napoleon. Marquis Zappi and his son, Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The general agrees to care for the Marquis's son while the former goes to America. The Marquis before leaving for America asks Francois to be a friend his son. The boy solemnly promises.

CHAPTER IX.

The Castle Children.

There was a farm in the Valley Delesmontes—five miles it was from Vicques—which was a dependence of the seigneury; for centuries the same family had held it, and it was considered the richest holding for a peasant in that part of the world. Just now the family all at once came to an end. It was necessary to find new tenants, and the general offered the place to Le Francois and La Claire. Even in their best days they had not been so prosperous as this would make them. But what about Francois? The general glowered at them from deep eyes.

"There's always a screw somewhere in every good thing. This time it's the boy."

There was a silence. Claire trembled.

"It will go hard with the lad to give us up," she brought out softly.

"He won't give you up; I should not respect him if he gave you up," the general thundered, and the two peasants breathed more freely. This great good fortune was not, after all, the price of their son.

By degrees the three came to an understanding. A tutor was to be engaged for the three children; Francois was to live at the castle as if—it should be explained to him—he were going away to school, and every Friday he was to walk to the Ferme du Val—the Valley Farm—and stay with his people until Sunday afternoon.

This new order of things was well settled before six months had passed after the going of the Marquis Zappi. And then in three or four months more something happened.

Francois was alone with the general when the letter come. His eyes were on his seigneur's face as he read the letter and the boy saw the blood rush through the weather-hardened skin in a brown-red flood, and then fade out, leaving it gray. The boy had never seen the general look so. With that, the big arms were thrown out on the table and the big grizzled head fell into them.

Then he lifted his head and told the boy how the friend whom he had found lately, after so many years of separation, had gone away not to come back in this life, and how Pietro was fatherless. Francois, holding tightly with both fists to the general's hand, listened wide-eyed, struck to the heart.

"But he had a brave life, my seigneur—it is the best thing that there is. My mother said so. My mother told me that we shall smile later, when we are with the good God, to think that we ever feared death on this earth. For she says one spends a long time with the good God later, and all one's dear friends come, and it is pleasant and it is for a long, long time, while here it is, after all, quite short. Is not that true, my seigneur? My mother said it."

Big little Pietro had to be told what had happened and how the general was now to be a father to him as best he might, and Alixe and Francois would be his sister and brother. He took the blow dumbly and went about his studies next morning, but for many days he could not play, and only Francois could make him speak. He was handsome—extraordinarily handsome—and a lovable good child, but slow in initiative where Francois was ready, shy where Francois was friends with all the world, steady-going where the peasant boy was brilliant. Between the two, of such contrasting types, was an unshaken bond from the first, and at this age it seemed to be the little peasant who had everything to give. Smaller physically, weaker in muscle than the big-boned son of North Italy, he yet took quite naturally an attitude of protection and guidance, and Pietro accepted it without hesitation.

Two years slid past noiselessly, unnoticed, and it was vacation time; it was August of the year 1824. The old chateau of Vicques—the ruin—lay back behind the corn fields and smiled in hot sunlight.

A tall lad of fourteen, another boy, slighter, quicker, darker, and a little girl of eleven in a short white dress, wandered through the ruins, talking earnestly now, silent now, filling the grim place with easy laughter again. Alixe and Francois and Pietro were growing up; the general already grumbled words about kittens turning into cats, as he looked at them.

"Just behind the great stone there," Alixe formulated, "was the dog's bedroom. Of course, a great monsieur like the dog had his own bedroom—yes, and office, too—and maybe his dining-room."

And the joke was enough on that lazy day of vacation to set peals of laughter ringing through the ruins. Alixe stopped laughing suddenly.

"Who is that?" she demanded. Her eyes were lifted to the hill rising behind the green mound, and the glance of the others followed hers. A young man, a boy, was coming lightly down the slope, and something in his figure and movement made it impossible even at a distance that it should be any one of the village. He saw them, and came forward, and his cap was off quickly as he glanced at Alixe. But with a keen look at the three, it was Francois to whom he spoke.

"Is this France?" he asked.

"But yes, Monsieur," Francois answered wondering—and in a moment he wondered more. The strange boy, his cap flung from him, dropped on his knees and kissed the grass that grew over the Roman governor's foundations. With that he was standing again, looking at them unashamed from his quiet gray eyes.

"It is the first time I have touched the soil of France since I was seven years old," he stated, not as if to excuse his act, but as if explaining something historical. And was silent.

The strange boy talked very little; they could not recollect that he asked questions, after his first startling question; yet here was Alixe, the very spirited and proud little Alixe, anxious to make him understand everything of their own affairs.

"I am Alixe," she began—and stopped short, seized with shyness. Was it courtesy to explain to the young monsieur about her distinguished father? She found herself suddenly in an agony of confusion. Then the stranger made a low bow and spoke in the gentlest friendly tones.

"It is enough. It is a charming name, Mademoiselle Alixe. I believe I shall now think it the most charming name in France."

"She has more of a name than that, however, Monsieur," and Francois stepped across the grass and stood by the little girl, her knight, unconscious of the part he played. "It is a very grand name, the other one. For our seigneur, the father of Alixe, is Monsieur the Baron Gaspard Gourgaud, a general of Napoleon himself; was indeed with the Emperor at St. Helena."

Francois had no false modesty, no self-consciousness; he felt that he had placed Alixe's standing now in the best light possible. The strange boy felt it, too, it seemed, for he started as Francois spoke of Napoleon; his reserved face brightened and his cap was off and sweeping low as he bowed again to Alixe more deeply. Francois was delighted. It was in him to enjoy dramatic effect, as it is in most Frenchmen. He faced about to Pietro.

"This one, Monsieur," he went on, much taken with himself as master of ceremonies, "is Monsieur the Marquis Zappi of Italy. His father also fought for the great captain."

The quiet strange boy interrupted swiftly. "I know," he said. "Of the Italian corps under Prince Eugene; also on the staff of Lannes. I know the name well," and he had Pietro's hand in a firm grasp and was looking into the lad's embarrassed face with his dreamy keen eyes.

The children, surprised, were yet too young to wonder that a boy scarcely older than themselves should have the army of Napoleon at his fingers' ends; he gave them no time to think about it.

"One sees, without names, that you are of the noblesse," he said simply, embracing the three in his sleepy glance. He turned to Francois. "And you, Monsieur the spokesman? You are also of a great Bonapartist house?"

Francois stood straight and slim; his well-knit young body in his military dress was carried with all the assurance of an aristocrat. He smiled his brilliant exquisite smile into the older boy's face.

"Me—I am a peasant," he said cheerfully. "I have no house."

"He is a peasant—yes. But he is our brother, Pietro's and mine, and no

"I Am Louis Bonaparte."

prince is better than Francois—not one."

"Or half so good," Pietro put in with his slow tones.

"You are likely right," the stranger agreed laconically.

And then without questions asked, in rapid eager sentences, the three had told him how it was; how Francois, refusing to leave the cottage, was yet the son of the castle. With that they were talking about the village of Vicques, and its antiquity, and then of the old chateau; and one told the legend of the treasure and of the guardian dog.

"Just over the wall there is the opening where he appeared to old Pierre Tremblay," Francois pointed out.

"I think I should like to climb the wall," the stranger said.

And he did. The others watching anxiously, he crawled out on the uncertain pile ten feet in air. A big stone crashed behind him; he crawled on. Then there was a hoarse rumble of loosened masonry, and down came the great blocks close to his hands—he was slipping! And, above, the wall swayed. Then, in the instant of time before the catastrophe, Francois had sprung like a cat into the center of danger and pushed the other boy, violently reeling, across the grass out of harm's way.

Alixe screamed once sharply. Francois lay motionless on his face and the great stones rained around him. It was all over in a moment; in a moment more a shout of joy rose from Pietro, for Francois lifted his head and began crawling difficultly, with Pietro's help, out of the debris.

"I have to thank you for my life, Monsieur the peasant," the stranger said, and held out his hand. "Moreover, it is seldom that a prophecy is so quickly fulfilled. You said a few minutes ago that you should one day do a thing worth while for a Bonaparte. You have done it. You have saved my life."

Francois' hand crept to his cap and he pulled it off and stood bareheaded.

"Monsieur, who are you?" he brought out.

The strange boy's vanishing smile brightened his face a second. "I am Louis Bonaparte," he said quietly.

The little court of three stood about the young Prince, silent. And in a moment, in a few sentences, he had told them how, the day before, he had been seized with a hunger for the air of France, which he had not breathed since, as a boy of seven, his mother had escaped with him from Paris during the Hundred Days. He told them how the desire to stand on French soil had possessed him, till at last he had run away from his tutor and had found the path from his exiled home, the castle of Arenenberg, in the canton of Thurgovie, in Switzerland, over the mountains into the Jura valley.

"It is imprudent," he finished the tale calmly. "The government would turn on all its big engines in an uproar to catch one schoolboy, if it was known. But I had to do it." He threw back his head and filled his lungs with a great breath. "The air of France," he whispered in an ecstasy.

For two hours more they told stories and played games through the soft old ruins of the savage old stronghold, as light-heartedly, as carelessly as if there were no wars or intrigues or politics or plots which had been and were to be close to the lives of all of them. Till, as the red round sun went down behind the mountain of the Rose, Francois' quick eye caught sight of a figure swinging rapidly down the mountain road where the Prince had come.

"But look, Louis," he called from behind the rock where he was preparing, as a robber baron, to swoop down on Prince Louis convoying Alixe as an escaped nun to Pietro's monastery in another corner.

And the boy Prince, suddenly grave, shaded his eye with his hand and gazed up the mountain. Then his hand fell and he sighed. "The adventure is over," he said. "I must go back to the Prince business. It is Monsieur Lebas."

Monsieur Lebas, the tutor, arrived shortly in anything but a playful humor. The boy's mother, Queen Hortense, was in Rome, and he was responsible; he had been frightened to the verge of madness by the prince's escapade.

The playmates were separated swiftly. Monsieur Lebas refused with something like horror the eager suggestion that he and his charge should spend the night at the chateau. The Prince must be gotten off French ground without a moment's delay.

CHAPTER X.

The Promise.

"Mon Dieu!" said the general.

It was six years later. At the new chateau not a blade of grass seemed changed. The general stood in the midst of close-cropped millions of blades of grass as he stopped short on the sloping lawn which led down to the white stone steps which led to the sunken garden. Alixe, in her riding habit, with a feather in her hat, and gauntleted gloves on her hands, was so lovely as to be startling. She looked at the ground, half shy, half laughing, and beat the grass with her riding-whip. Francois was leaning toward her and talking, and the general, coming slowly down the lawn, felt a flood of pride rise in him as he looked at this successful picture of a boy which he had done so much to fashion. The two had been riding together, and Francois appeared, as most men do, at his best in riding clothes. With that, as the general marched slowly down the velvet slope, unseen by them, regarding them his girl and his boy, this happy sister and brother—with that the brother lifted his sister's hand and, bending over it, kissed it slowly, in a manner unmistakably unbrotherly.

"Mon Dieu!" gasped the general, and turned on his heel and marched back to his library.

All that afternoon he stayed shut up in the library. At dinner he was taciturn.

The next morning the general sent for Francois to come to him in the library. A letter had been brought a short time before and was lying open on the table by his hand.

"Francois," began the general in his deep abrupt tones, "I am in trouble. Will you help me?"

"Yes, my Seigneur," said Francois quickly.

The general glared at him, frowning. "We shall see," he said again, and then—suddenly as a shot from a cannon—"Does Alixe love you, Francois?"

"I—I think not, my Seigneur," he answered in a low voice.

"I am hurting you," the deep voice said—and only one or two people in the world had heard that voice so full of tenderness. "I am hurting my son. But listen, Francois. It was the dearest wish of Pietro's father—it has been my dearest wish for years—that Alixe and Pietro should one day be married. It is that which would be the crown of a friendship forged in the fires of battle-fields, tempered in the freezing starving snow fields of Russia, finished—I hope never finished for all eternity."

Francois, his head bent, his eyes on the general's hand which held his, answered very quietly. "I see," he said.

"You would not take her from Pietro, who, I am sure, loves her?"

Francois looked up sharply, but the general did not notice. He spoke slowly. "I promised Pietro's father"—the boy seemed to be out of breath—"to be Pietro's friend—always," he said.

The general smiled then and let the fingers go, and turned to the letter on the table before him. "Good!" he said. "You are always what I wish, Francois," and it was quite evident that the load was off his mind.

CHAPTER XI.

With All My Soul.

The general swung around to the lad. "Francois, this letter is about

Alixe Turned Sharply.

you." He tapped the rustling paper. "Pietro wants you to come to him as his secretary."

Francois' large eyes lifted to the general's face, inquiring, startled, childlike. "Pietro!" he said slowly. "I had not thought of that."

"Yet you knew that Pietro was heart and soul in the plots of the Italian patriots?"

"Yes."

"But you had not thought of going to help him fight?"

"No, my seigneur. I had thought only of the fight for which I must be ready here."

"This Italian business will be good practice," said the general, as a man of today might speak of a tennis tournament. "And you and Pietro will be enchanted to be together again."

Francois smiled, and something in the smile wrung the general's heart.

"Francois, you are not going to be unhappy about little Alixe?"

Quickly Francois threw back, as if he had not heard the question: "My Seigneur, I will go to Pietro; it will be the best thing possible—action and training, and good old Pietro for a comrade. My Seigneur, may I go tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow!" The general was startled now. "A thousand thunders, but you are a sudden lad! Yet it will be no harder to give you up tomorrow than it would be next month. Yes, tomorrow, then, let it be."

Francois stood up, slim, young, alert and steady, yet somehow not as the boy who had come in to the general an hour before; more, perhaps, as a man who had been through a battle and come out very tired, with the noise of the fighting in his ears.

"I will go to the farm tonight, to my mother and my father. And this afternoon I will ride with Alixe, if you do not want me for the book, my Seigneur—and if she will go. May I ask you not to tell Alixe of this—to leave it to me to tell her?"

"Yes," agreed the general doubtfully. "But you will be careful not to—upset her, Francois?"

"I will be careful."

"And—and you will do what you can to help Pietro, will you not, my son?"

A quick contraction twisted Francois' sensitive mouth and was gone, but this time the general saw. "You may trust me, my Seigneur," the boy said, and moved to the door; but the general called to him as his hand touched the latch.

"Francois!"

"Yes, my Seigneur." He faced about, steady and grave, and stood holding the door.

"Francois, my son—I have not hurt you—very much? You do not love Alixe—deeply? Do you love her, Francois?"

There was a shock of stillness in the old dim library. Through the window—where the children's shouts had come in ten years before to the marquis and the general—one heard now in the quiet the sudden staccato of a late cricket. The general, breathing anxiously, looked at Francois. Francois standing like a statue. The general repeated his question softly, breathlessly. "Do you love her, Francois?"

With that the great eyes blazed and the whole face of the boy lighted as if a fire had flamed inside a lantern. He threw back his head.

"With all my soul," he said. "And forever.

A rushing mountain stream—white-veiled in the falling, black-brown in the foam-flecked pools—tumbled, splashed, brawled down the mountain; the mountain hung over, shadowy; banks of fern held the rampant brook in chains of green. Alixe and Francoise, riding slowly in the coolness of the road below, looked up and saw it all, familiar, beautiful, full of old associations.

"One misses Pietro," Francois said. "He always wanted to ride past the 'Trou du Gouverneur.'"

A Roman legend had given this name to the deep pool of the brook by the road; it was said that the cruel old governor had used it, two thousand years back, for drowning refractory peasants. Alixe gazed steadily at the dark murmuring water.

"Yes, one misses him. Is life like that, do you suppose, Francois? One grows up with people, and they get to be as much a part of living as the air, or one's hands—and then, suddenly, one is told that they are going away. And that ends it. One must do without air, without hands. What a world, Francois!"

"We are not meant to like it too much, I believe, Alixe," said Francois sunnily. "It is just en passant, this world, when you stop to consider. This is school, this life, I gather. My mother says it is not very important if one has a good seat in the schoolroom or a bad; if one sits near one's playmates or is sent to another corner, so long as one is a good child and works heartily at one's lessons. It is only for a day—and then we go home, where all that is made right. Not a bad idea of my mother's, is it, Alixe?"

"Your mother is a wonderful woman," Alixe answered thoughtfully. "She lives like that. She never let things trouble her, not even when your father lost everything. Did she, Francois?"

"No," said Francois. "She is one of the few people who know what the real things are and live in them. It is hard to do that. I can not. I care so bitterly for what I want. 'It is'—Francois hesitated—"it is very hard for me to give up—what I want." He stumbled over the words; his voice shook so that Alixe shifted in the saddle and looked at him inquiringly.

"Alixe — dear" — then Francois stopped. "You need not be afraid that I shall have more than Pietro," he began uncertainly. "For it is not going to be so. He will have what—what I would give my life for." Then he hurried on. "I see how it is," he said gently, "and you are right to care so loyally for Pietro. He is worth it. And you must never care less, Alixe—never forget him because he has gone away. He will come back." The boy spoke with effort, slowly, but Alixe was too much occupied with her own tumultuous thoughts to notice. "He will surely come back and—belong to you more than ever. He will come back distinguished and covered with honors, perhaps, and then—and then—Alixe, do you see the chestnut tree at the corner that turns to the chateau? It is a good bit of soft road—we will race to that tree—shall we? And then I will tell you something."

The horses raced merrily; Alixe sat close to the saddle with the light swinging seat, the delicate hand on the bridle, which were part of her perfect horsemanship, and over and over as he watched her ride Francois said to himself:

"I will give my happiness for the Seigneur's—I said it, and I will. I will be a friend to Pietro always—I said it, and I will."

Over and over the horses' flying feet pounded out that self-command, and at length the music of the multiplying hoof beats grew slower, and with tightening rein they drew in and stopped under the big chestnut. Alixe was laughing, exhilarated, lovely.

"Wasn't it a good race? Didn't they go deliciously?" she threw at him. And then, "We will go around by the Delesmontes Road; it is only three miles farther, and it is early in the afternoon; there is nothing to do."

Francois spoke slowly. "I am afraid—I must not, Alixe. I am going to the farm tonight."

"To the farm!" Alixe looked at him in surprise. "But you were not to go over till tomorrow. My father and I will ride over with you. Have you forgotten?"

"No," said Francois, "I have not forgotten—no, indeed. But I am going away tomorrow, Alixe."

"Going away?" Alixe turned sharply, and her deep blue glance searched his eyes. "What do you mean, Francois?" And then, imperiously: "Don't tease me, Francois! I don't like it."

Francois steadied, hardened his face very carefully, and answered: "I am not teasing you, Alixe. I did not tell you before because—" he stopped, for his voice was going wrong—"because I thought we would have our ride just as usual today. I only knew about it myself this morning. I am going to Pietro."

"Going—to Pietro!" Alixe was gasping painfully. "Francois—it is a joke—tell me it is a poor joke. Quick!" she ordered. "I won't have you play with me, torture me!"

"It is not a joke." The boy's eyes were held by a superhuman effort on the buckle of the bridle-rein lying on his knee. "There was a letter from Pietro this morning. The seigneur wishes me to go. I wish to go. I go tomorrow."

"Going tomorrow!" The girl's voice was a wail. "You—taken away from me!" Then in a flash: "I hate Pietro! He is cruel—he thinks only of himself. He wants you—but I want you too. How can I live without you, Francois?" Then softly, hurriedly, while the world reeled about the boy, sitting statue-like in his saddle: "It is just as I said. You are as much a part of my life as the air I breathe—and you and my father and Pietro say quite calmly, 'The air is to be taken away—you must do without it.' I can not. I will choke!" She pulled at her collar suddenly, as if the choking were a physical present fact.

No slightest motion, no shade of inflection missed Francois; still he sat motionless, his eyes on the little brass buckle, his lips set in a line without a word, without a look toward her. And suddenly Alixe, with another quick blue glance from under her long lashes—Alixe, hurt, reckless, desperate, had struck her horse a sharp blow—and she was in the road before him galloping away.

He let her go. He sat quiet a long time. As she turned in, still galloping, at the high stone gateway of the chateau, his eyes came back again to the little shining buckle. It seemed the only thing tangible in a dream-universe of rapture and agony. Over and over he heard the words she had said—words which must mean—what? Had they meant it? Had he possibly been mistaken? No—the utter happiness which came with the memory of the soft hurried voice must mean the truth—she cared for him, and then over and over and over he said, half aloud, through his set teeth:

"I said that I would give my happiness for my seigneur's; I said that I would be a friend to Pietro; I will."

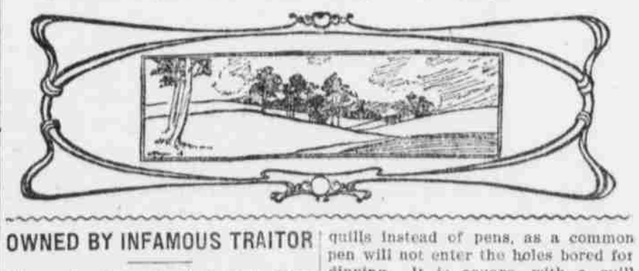
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Home, Sweet Home.

A well known player was talking about a brilliant but unsuccessful disciple of Blackstone.

"His habits are to blame for his failure," said he. "One of his remarks illustrates his habits well. He said to me in the Union club:

"'There's no place like home—especially at 2 or 3 a. m., when you've exhausted the pleasures of all the other places, and you're tired, and everything shut up anyway.'"



OWNED BY INFAMOUS TRAITOR

Wisconsin Man Has Ink Well That Once Was the Property of Benedict Arnold.

Among the possessions of F. A. Phillips, living at Casy Bluff, Wis., is an inkwell, said by the owner to date back to Revolutionary war times. The inkwell has been in the family since the time of the conflict of the American colonies against Great Britain.

Mr. Phillips came into possession of the relic in 1864, it having been handed down to him by his father, and his father got it in turn from his grandfather, who captured it among other things at a little log cabin near West Point at about the time Benedict Arnold was figuring on selling that strategic point to the British, but took French leave when he learned that the Colonial soldiers were after him.

This ink well, it is stated by Mr. Phillips, is the one that furnished the ink for the document Arnold signed giving the British possession of West Point, and was found among other of Arnold's possessions after his hasty leave taking of the place where the documents were signed and sealed. It is supposed to have been made in England and brought to this country.

It is an old affair—this can be seen from the fact that it is made for quills instead of pens, as a common pen will not enter the holes bored for dipping. It is square, with a quill hole at each corner and a large one in the center for receiving the ink. The well is of stone, a queer composition which on first sight resembles flint or marble, but on closer examination it is found that it may be cut with a knife much the same as soapstone.

It is highly polished, nicely carved and is about three inches square and an inch and a half deep.—New York World.

An Improving World.

A somewhat old-fashioned Bostonian who more than a score of years ago was very prominent in public life remarked recently: "I have observed with interest quite a change in the personal habits of men during the past 25 years. It used to be very common to see business and professional men, as well as those in public life and holding official positions, wearing silk hats and Prince Albert coats every day in the week, and if they smoked at all they smoked cigars. Nowadays silk hats are rarely seen on week days downtown, anyway and cigarette smoking seems to be quite the thing. I do not think the new fashion is quite so dignified or manly as the old, but on the whole am convinced the world is growing better all the time."

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 15.

CHRIST'S HATRED OF SHAMS.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 11:37-54.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Be not deceived; God is not mocked."—Gal. 6:7.

This is a strange breakfast episode (to "dine" means literally, to breakfast). Jesus accepted three such invitations from the Pharisees and was accused of being a glutton and a wine bibber, Matt. 11-19; Luke 7:36, 39, 44. In this instance we are told plainly (v. 54) why he had been asked to this feast. At a later time, e. g., during the Passion week, Jesus delivered a special discourse against the Pharisees (Matt. 23) in which he repeated many of the things we study today.

Must Be Clean.

I. False vs. True cleansing (vv. 37-44). The orthodox Jew is very punctilious to avoid ceremonial uncleanliness. In Christ's time this ceremonialism was at its highest development. To be defiled was far worse than to be morally unclean. This Pharisee "marveled" that Jesus was not likewise concerned with his outward acts (v. 39, so also Matt. 23:25, 26). To have a clean cup and platter was more important than to have a clean heart. In a fragment of Gospel found at Oxyrhyncus, Jesus is reputed to have said to a Pharisee: "Thou hast washed in waters wherein dogs and swine have been cast, and wiped the outside skin which also harlots anoint and beautify, but within they are full of scorpions and all wickedness. But I have been dipped in the waters of eternal life which come from the throne of God." Pious platters, presented in pride, must be inwardly purified. He who thus neglects the inside is a "fool" (v. 40), for God created the inside as well as the outside. Their hearts were filled with "extortion and wickedness." As a substitute these false teachers laid great stress upon alms. In the Arabic "alms" is closely related to the word which means "to cleanse." Hence verse 41 may read, "cleanse what is within, and surely all is clean to you." It is not so much alms that people long for as fair, honest treatment and accompanying the service, a loving heart (John 13:34).

Jesus pronounces three "woes," griefs that like an avenging nemesis hang over men of such a character. (1) A "woe" against those who make a show of tithing the common garden mint and herbs and at the same time avoid the weightier matters of just relations to their fellow men and love to God (v. 42). We are not to neglect our churchly duties at all, but these cannot be substituted for righteousness (see Micha 6:8). (2) A "woe" against those who love the places of pre-eminence (v. 43, cf. Matt. 23:6, 7). This spirit has not departed from the church after a lapse of centuries. It is unchristian, unchristlike. The great one must be the servant of all (Matt. 23:11, 20:28, John 13:14, 15, Phil. 2:5-8). (3) (v. 43), The third "woe" is directed against hypocrisy. To touch a grave was to become unclean, and hence they were whitewashed to give men warning. Many Christians are without beautiful to behold, yet within full of dead men's bones and all manner of uncleanliness.

The Three Woes.

II. Real vs. Sham Lives (vv. 45-54). The lawyers were the theologians, the expounders of the Mosaic law. Evidently the words of Jesus produced great conviction. The word "reproachest" (v. 45) means "to entreat spitefully," and the probabilities are that he spoke to Jesus as if to rebuke him. Jesus at once pronounces three woes upon him and his class. (1) A "woe" because they laid burdens upon others which they themselves would not even touch with one of their fingers (Matt. 23:4). That is, they added to the law minute and troublesome details, which they declared to be more important than the law itself. (2) (v. 47) A "woe" is pronounced upon them for honoring the dead prophets and at the same time rejecting and persecuting those that were living. To honor dead teachers, to praise the prophets of the past, those whom we cannot endure while living, is a form of hypocrisy which costs but little. It implies that had they lived in the days of their fathers their conduct would have been indifferent, yet they are with the living prophets, following the example of their fathers. God foresaw this (v. 49) and the faithful minister of his word must expect a like treatment (Mk. 10:29, 30). (3) (v. 12) The third "woe" was pronounced against these religious teachers because, possessing the key to knowledge, they neither entered themselves nor would they allow others to enter; "ye enter not in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering in to enter." (Matt. 23:13, Am. Rv.). These lawyers, theologians, were professedly interpreters of the law, that law which was the foundation and bulwark of the Jewish nation. In fact, however, they had so obscured and "explained" that law as to leave men in darkness. Supposed to lead men into truth, they were shutting them out of the truth. What a terrible indictment of many of this present age who profess to teach the Word.

We quote from the letter of a Wisconsin business man: "The average man is interested in the teachings of the Bible. If the Bible cannot stand upon its own feet, it is foolish to bolster it up by any personal ideas. We make too many apologies for Scriptures and do not stand squarely by what it teaches." Not a few who occupy the position of teachers obscure the truth of God and they shut men out of a real knowledge of him. Jesus thus replies to both Pharisees and the lawyer, that character is not a garment to wear, but it is the inward furnishing of the heart.